

## Maid of Orleans

Dark Moor

I was born in France, called the "Maid of Orleans"  
Led by the voices of the Saints  
I went to the Court dressed in men's clothes  
To save my people from the yoke  
I was given troops to destroy the English roots  
And to crown the Dauphin at Reims  
I'm not a man searching the glory  
I'm just the hand chosen to fight  
It's a long way to our freedom  
I was betrayed. I'm burning at the stake  
My own blood sold me in the battlefield  
Charles the King made no attempts to save me  
I won't be free till the day of my death  
The pyre is light. I see the end  
I'm not a man searching the glory  
I'm just the hand chosen to fight  
It's a long way to our freedom  
I was betrayed. I'm burning at the stake  
I'd rather die than live chained in this cell  
I hold to what I have already said  
I won't be free till the day of my death  
The pyre is light. I see the end  
I'm not a man searching the glory  
I'm just the hand chosen to fight  
It's a long way to our freedom  
I was betrayed. I'm burning at the stake